

The New-York Saturday Press.

VOL. III.—NO. 33.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 18, 1860.

PRICE, \$2.00 A YEAR.

THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS

is PUBLISHED AT

No. 9 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

BRANCH OFFICE

ROGERS'S BOOKSTORE, 827 BROADWAY.

PRICE:

\$3.00 a year; Five Cents a Single Number.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

Two Cents a line for the first two insertions; Five Cents a line for every subsequent insertion.

N.B.—Advertisements will please bear in mind that no arrangements whatever can be made with them for editorial notices.

N. B.—All communications should be addressed to

HERBERT CLAPP, Jr.,

Office of The N. Y. Saturday Press,

No. 9 SPRUCE STREET, N. Y.

(From the Independent, Aug. 18.)

KING VICTOR EMANUEL ENTERING FLORENCE, APRIL, 1860.

I.
King of us all, we cried to thee, cried to thee,
Trampled to earth by the beasts impure,
Dragged by the chariots which shame as they roll,
The dust of our torment far and wide to thee
Went up, dark'ning thy royal soul.
Was it not so, Cavour,
That the King was sad for the people in thrall,
This King of us all?

II.
King, we cried to thee—Strong in replying,
Thy word and sword sprang rapid and sure,
Cleansing our way to a nation's place.
O first soldier of Italy, crying
Now grateful, Cavour, we look in thy face,
Is it not so, Cavour,
That, freedom's first soldier, the freed should call
First King of them all?

III.
This is our beautiful Italy's birthday:
Generous souls, whether many or fewer,
Bring her the gift, and wish her the good;
And Heaven presents on this sunny earth-day
The noble King to the land renewed.
Is it not so, Cavour?
Roar, cannon-mouths!—proclaim, install
The King of us all!

IV.
Grave he rides through the Florence gateway,
Clenching his face in calm, to immerse
His struggling heart till it half disappears.
If he relaxed for a moment, straightway
He would break out into passionate tears—
(Is it not so, Cavour?)
While rings the cry without interval,
"Live, King of us all!"

V.
Cry, free peoples!—honor the nation
By crowning the true man,—and none is true!
Pierced here, and Livorno is here,
And thousands of faces in wild exultation,
Burn over the windows to feel him near—
(Is it not so, Cavour?)
Born over from terrace, window, and wall,
On this King of us all!

VI.
Grave! A good man's ever the graver
For bearing a nation's trust close;
And he, he thinks of the heart, beside
Which broke for Italy's sake to save her,
And pining away by Oporto's tide.
(Is it not so, Cavour?)
That he thinks of his vow on that royal pall,
This King of us all!

VII.
Flowers, flowers, from the flowery city!
Such innocent thanks for a deed as pure.
As melting away for joy into flowers
The nation invites him to enter his Pitti
And evermore reign on this Florence of ours.
(Is it not so, Cavour?)
He'll stand where the reptiles were used to crawl,
This King of us all!

VIII.
Grave, as the manner of noble men is—
The deed unfinished will weigh on the doer;
And, baring his head to those crone-valley flags,
He bows to the grief of the South and Venice.
—Let's ring the last of the yellow to rags,
And swear by Cavour
That the King shall reign where oppressors fall,
True King of us all!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

(From the Hartford Evening Press, August 1.)

STEPHEN AND HIS ANXIOUS MOTHER.

STEPHEN was anxious to see his mother. His mother was anxious to see Stephen. The dutiful boy advertised it in the public prints that he was on his way to visit his mother. He started from the city of New York to visit his mother, who resides in the Western section of New York State. He naturally came to New Haven, Guilford, and Hartford on his way, and at the latter place he was "betrayed" into a speech. Still bent on the maternal pilgrimage, he goes towards Boston, attracted by a relative of his wife. It was a case of relative attraction. On his way at Worcester, some Judas "betrayed" him into a speech. At Boston, betrayed again. Now, however, he started towards his mother. At Albany, seeking to pass through there as a private man, astonished at the magnificent demonstration, the unexpected reception (like the one at Hartford), he was "betrayed" into a speech, in which he declared he was on his way to see his mother. From here the pilgrim son reaches Saratoga. Here he lays aside politics, thinks of his long unseen mother, whom he is about to visit, and sinks into the genial pleasures of the place. Previous to this, we ought to mention, he was "betrayed" into a speech. Full of thoughts of his mother, he starts in a northerly direction and lands at Rutland, the home of his youth. Owing to the wholly unexpected arrival in that place, so hallowed, etc.—he well—"is betrayed" into a speech. Full of pent-up affection he can no longer restrain himself, but goes to Bellows Falls. Amid the bewailing of the populace and the sobbing of Stephen, he is deceived, deluded, imposed on—in fact, "betrayed" into a speech. He flies to the North—he lands at White River Junction. What a junction, what a conjunction in point of fact was there! Stephen was "betrayed" into a speech. Cutting his filial stick in a southerly direction, he informs us at Concord that he is visiting New England to look upon the grave of a relative. Sad Stephen, how skillfully his anxiety to see his mother is disguised. This statement was made in the course of some extended remarks which, in point of fact, "betrayed" pious James into a speech at this very place. At Manchester, at Nashua, at Providence, still seeking the maternal embrace that still receded, he is still surprised and still "betrayed," but why repeat the details?

Stephen, Stephen, who seems unable to cut his broad and cheese even, is next seen at a clam-bake at Rocky Point, far, far from mother, relatives, or graves; we say, shake the maternal for a season, and allow one hundred and fifty bushels of baked clams and thirty thousand pounds to "betray" him into a speech—a brief one of an hour and a half.

Look at the map of New England. Where do you think Stephen is now? Why, way down on the rocky end of Rhode Island, at Newport, kicking up his truant heels by the great ocean, as much as to say

that, having travelled all over New England on the strength of her, he now don't care a "brass farthing" for his maternal!

And yet, by and by, when he gets recuperated and wants to start on another tour, we shall hear his low sweet voice mingling with the roar of the surf down there by the sounding sea, softly singing:

"Wake, and call me early,
Call me early, mother dear!"

(From Macmillan's Magazine for August.)

THE YOUTH OF ENGLAND TO GARIBOLDI'S LEGION.

BY STEPHEN DOBELL.

O ye who by the gaping earth
Where, faint with resurrection, lay
An empire struggling into birth,
Her storm-strown beauty cold with clay,
The free winds round her howery head,
Her feet still rooted with the dead,

Leaned on the unconquered arms that clave
Her tomb like Judgment, and foreknew
The life for which you rent the grave,
Would rise to breathe, beam, best for you,
In every pulse of passionate mood,
A people's glorious gratitude—

But heard, far off, the muffled voice
Of some new plaintiff for the light;
And leave your dear reward, and go
To battle, yet once more to smite
The hills, and, like a flood, unlock
Another nation from the rock;

O ye who, sure of nought but God
And death, go forth to turn the page
Of life, and in your heart's best blood
Dare anew the chapter age;
Ye O'erturners, sundered worlds shall kiss,
Comets rushing to the sun,
And dreading the tremendous way
With glory, look not back, nor know
How they blind the earth below;

From wave to wave our race rolls on,
In seas that rise, and fall, and rise;
Our tide of man beneath the moon
Sets from the verge to yonder skies;
Throb after throb the ancient might
In such a thousand hills renews the earliest height.

The something, O'er that moving vast,
To look across the centuries
Which heave the purple of a past
That was, and is not, and yet is,
And in that awful light to see
The crest of far Thermopylæ,

And, as a fisher draws his fly
Tiptoe by ripple, from shore to shore,
To draw our fishing gear, and try
The more by less, the less by more,
And find a peer to that sublime
Old height in the last surge of time.

'Tis something, yet great Clio's read,
Greek with the sap of Castaly,
In her most glorious word midway
Begins to weep and bleed;
And Clio, lest she burn the line
Hides her blushing face divine.

While that maternal muse, so white
And lean with trying to forget,
Moves her mate lips, and, at the sight,
As if all suns that ever set
Stomped on a mortal ear
What man can feel but cannot hear,

We know, and know not how we know,
That when heroic Greece upstir,
Sicilia broke a daughter's vow,
And failed the inextinguishable tryst—
We know that when those Spartans drew
Their swords—so many and so few—
A presage blanched the Olympian hills:
To moonlight: the old Thunderer bled;
But all the sullen air is chill
With rising Fates and younger gods,
Jove saw his peril and spoke: "one blind
Pale coward touched them with mankind."

What, then, on that Sicilian ground
Which sours the blood of Greece to shame,
To make the voice of praise resound
A triumph that, if Grecian fame
Blew it on her clarion old,
Had warmed the silver trump to gold!

What, then, brothers! to brim o'er
The measure Greece could scarcely brim,
And calling victory from the dim
Of that remote Thessalian shore,
Make his naked limbs repeat
In the harness of defeat

He did of old; and, at the head
Of modern men, renewing thus
Thermopylæ, with Xerxes' feet
And every Greek Leonidas,
Untill the proud Past and crown
The heroic ages in our own.

O ye, whom they who cry "how long!"
See, and—so nestlings in the nest
Sink all—sink into their nest.
O ye, in whom the Right and Wrong
That this old world of Day and Night
Crops upon its black and white,

Shall strike, and, in the last extremes
Of final best and worst, complete
The precinct of your light and heat;
O ye who walk upon our dreams,
And live, unknown how or why,
The vision and the prophecy.

In every tabernacled tent—
Eat show-bread from the altar, and wot
Not of it—drink a sacrament
At every draught and knock it not—
Breathe a nobler year whose least
Work day is as the fast and feast

Of men—and, with such steps as chime
To nothing lower than the ears
Can hear to whom the marching spheres
Beat the universal time
Through our Life's perplexity,
March the land and sail the sea,

O'er those fields where Hate hath led
So oft the hosts of Crime and Pain—
March to break the captive's chain,
To heal the sick, to raise the dead,
And, where the last desolated root
Of furies cavern, to cast out

And tuning Time: this is the hour
When weak Nature's need should be
The Hero's opportunity,
And heart and hand are Right and Power,
And he who will not serve may reign,
And who dares will dare nought in vain.

Behind you History stands a-gape;
On either side the incandescence
Hot nations in whom war's wild wine
Burns like vintage through the grapes,
See you ruddy with the morn
Of freedom, see you, and for aorn

As on that old day of wrath
The hosts drew off in hope and doubt,
And the shepherd-boy slept out
To sling Judaea upon Gath,
Furi in two, and still as stone,
Like a red sea let you on.

On! say though at war's alarms
That sea should fowd into a foe!
On! the horns of Jericho
Blow when Virtue blows to arms.
Numbers or numbered—on!
Men are millions, God is one.

On who waits for founding gales?
What hap can favour your Argo?
A nation's blessings fill your cup,
And though her wings scorched ocean dry,
Yet ah! her blood and tears could roll
Another sea from pole to pole.

On! day round ye, Summer bloom
Beneath, in your young veins the bliss
Of youth! Who asks more? Ask but this,
—And ask as One will ask at Doom—
If heart be true, if steel be keen?
If leads be pure, if hands be clean?

On! night round ye, the worst rook
Of fortune poisoning all youth's bliss;
Each grass a sword, each Delphic oak
An onus! Who dreads? Dread but this,
—Blunted steel and lead unsure,
Hands unclean and hearts impure!

Full of love to God and man
As girl Martha's wageless toil;
Gracious as the wine and oil
Of the good Samaritan;
Healing to our wrongs and aid
As Abraham's breast to Lazarus;

Pitons as the cheek that gave
Its patience to the smiter, still
Rendering nought but good for ill,
Though the greatest good ye have
Be love, and your love and ruth
Speak from the cannon's mouth—

On! ye servants of the Lord,
In the right of servitude
Besp the life He sowed, and blood
His friends' people with the sword,
And the blessing shall be yours,
That falls upon the peacemakers!

Ay, though trump and clarion blare,
Though your charging legions rock
Earth's bulwarks, shatter the sea's shattered air,
Be carried, and the encountered shock
Of your clashing battles far
The rung heavens, this is Peace, not War!

With the two-edged sword that cleaves
Crowned insolence to awe,
And whose backward lightning leave
License strikes law,
Fill, still slaves and tyrants cease,
The sacred paucity of peace!

Peace, so outraged peace can rise
When her feet are washed and prayed
See upon the favoring skies
The great sign, so long delayed,
And from hooded and trampled sod
She leaps transfused to a god.

Meets amid her smoking land
The chariot of careering war,
Locks the whirling of its car,
Wreaths the thunder from his hand,
And, with his own bolt down-hurl'd,
Brains the monster from the world!

Hark! he comes! His nostrils cast
Like chaff before him flocks and men.
O proud, proud day, in yonder glen
Look ye! Look ye! Look ye!
Your law: and draw in with the passionate eye
Of love's last look the sights that paint eternity.

He comes—a tempest hides their place!
The storm, the long day waves
Storm lulls. Some march out of the cloud,
The princes of their age and race;
And some the mother earth that bore
Such sons hath loved too well to let them leave her more.

But O, when joy-bells ring
For the living that return,
And the day of victory burn,
And the dancing kingdoms sing,
And beauty leads the brave
To the breast he bled to save,

Will no faithful mourner weep
Where the battle-ground is grey,
And deep the soldier's sleep
In his martial cloak of glory,
Sleeps the dear dead buried low?
Shall they be forgotten? Lo,

On beyond that vale of fire
This babe must travel ere the child
Of yonder tall and bearded sire
His father's image hath fulfilled,
He shall see in that far day
A race of maidens pale and grey.

There shall be no cross nor brood,
Common rite nor convent roof,
Read nor bell shall put to proof
A sister of that sisterhood;
But by noonday or by night
In her eyes there shall be light.

As a temple organ, set
To its best stop by hands long gone,
Given new ears the olden host
And speaks the buried master yet,
Her lightest accents have the key
Of ancient love and victory.

In times of such serene eclipse
As if the voice of Death and Life
Came married by her mortal lips
To more than Life or Death—A wife
That would, as you see, field he died
Who lives in all the world beside.

O ye who, in the favoring smile
Of Heaven, at one great stroke shall win
The glancing gardens that beguile
The grey-haired Paladin
Through all his threescore joints and ten,
Lovers of wisdom, and praise of men,

The eyes, the lips, the palm, the crown—
Who, from your morning-peak among
Mountains, thenceforth may look along
The shining tops of deeds undone,
And take them through the level air
As angels walk from star to star.

We from our idle—the ripest spot
Of the round green globe—where all
The rays of God most kindly fall
And warm us to that temperate lot
Of measured change that slowly brings
Fruitful to the orb of things.

We from this calm in chaos, where
Matter running into plan
And Reason eddies in a man
Mediate the earth and air,
See ye winging your far flight,
O, ministering spirits! as some

Bliss soul above that, all too late,
From his sublimer seat in heaven
Looks round and measures fate with fate,
And through the clouds below him driven
Behold from that calm world of bliss
The toll and agony of this.

And, warning with the scene rehearsed,
Beneath the realms where all is won,
And seen the last that shall be first,
And spurn his secondary throne,
And come from his chamber above
The life that strives and conquers here.

But are toward fields so old and new
We leap from joys that shine in vain,
And rain our passion down the blue
Sweat—once more—once more—to drain
Life's dreadful ecstasy, and sell
Our bright days for that cryed

Whom stab and unction still keep quick
The pains of life, and find and found,
Lo, O'erhead, a cherub
And legendary life, that round
The eddying spaces turns a dream
Of ancient war! And at the theme

Harps to answering harps, on high,
Call, recall, that but a strain
Of storm divides our happy state
From that pale sleepless Mystery
Who plans to sit upon the throne
His served are falling to his own.

(For the New York Saturday Press.)

ERNEST RENAN.

Revue d'Histoire Religieuse par Ernest Renan, Quatrième

Année.

Histoire Générale et Synchrone des langues Sémitiques

par Ernest Renan: ouvrage couronné par l'Institut.

Among the original thinkers who are working so unflinchingly towards solving the problems that have always perplexed the human mind, one, a young man, Mr. Renan, has of late become the theme of such frequent praise, and vehement criticism, that we cannot refrain from giving our readers a review of his works and method.

From Messrs. Vapereau and Bouange's useful compilations, we gather the following details:

Joseph Ernest Renan was born on the 27th of February, 1822, at Truguer, in Brittany, the birthplace of Abbad, Deguignes, André, Maupertuis, Lamennais, and of so many bold and profound philosophers. He was first destined to the priesthood; entered a theological school in Paris at a very early age, and soon manifested such remarkable talent, that at the end of his classical course, the faculty sent him to the celebrated Seminary of St. Sulpice. There, he first acquired a taste for philology and metaphysics; soon went over the prescribed curriculum, and commenced a thorough study of Hebrew, Syriac, and Arabic. It seems that a natural independence of mind, heightened perhaps by a sincere conviction that within the pale of certain dogmatical teachings the most gifted intellect is often destined to wither, prompted him to abandon a career even alike to free thought and critical inquiry. He then left the Seminary, and sought by giving private lessons, the means of carrying out his favorite studies with that freedom which alone can foster originality. In 1847, he passed with the highest honors his examination for University Professor of philology, whilst at the same time the Academy conferred upon him the much-coveted Volney-prize for an essay on the Semitic languages, which formed the basis of the great work he afterwards published. Two years thereafter, the French Institute awarded him a second prize for an historical memoir on the study of Greek language during the middle ages; and in 1849, sent him on a literary mission to Italy, from which he brought back the materials for a work on Avestan, which was published in 1853. In 1850 he was appointed assistant-librarian in charge of the oriental MSS. in the National Library, and in 1852 obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Since, he has published a work on the origin of language, his General History of the Semitic languages, a Latin work on the Peripatetic Philosophy among the Syrians, another on Sanchoniatho's Phœnicia history, a translation of the Book of Job, a great many contributions to scientific periodicals, and quite lately a new version of the Song of Songs, brought back to its original plan, viz: the static form. In 1856 he saw his efforts crowned with the greatest reward which can be awarded to a scholar, namely, that of membership of the French Institute, in the place of Augustin Thierry. All we know concerning his private life, is that he married the daughter of Henry Schœffer, brother to Ary so well known in this country, and a great painter himself.

The Essays on Religious History, form an octavo volume, consisting simply of a series of articles originally inserted in the *Journal des Savants* and *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

The work before us contains ten essays, six of which, although written at different periods, and not in chronological order, sum up in a critical and scientific form, the religious action or program of the Semitic and Avesto-Germanic worlds. The religions of antiquity, the history of the Jewish people, the critical histories of Chaldea, Mohammed, and the origin of Islam, China, Christianity, and the new Hellenic school, treated in a true philosophic spirit, are made to exhibit a panorama, vast and suggestive. Taking as a basis, the mythological encyclopædia added by Ouglebert to his French version of Cuvier's *Symbols*, the first essay gives the only plausible construction which ought to be placed upon the mythology of the ancients. For, can we suppose that the Greeks and Romans, so deeply imbued with rational notions and so addicted to philosophical enquiries, which they followed with a more than human fervor, should have been so much given to the foundation of their religions, upon so childish and nonsensical a basis? It has been demonstrated beyond a doubt that

we are willing to admit that at certain periods, the Hellenic race adopted those mythical legends without any reference to their hidden meaning, but the philosopher, the historian, now repels the notion so long entertained even by scholars, that the myth were always as meaningless as they generally appear to be a casual observer.

Mythology, then, is not a collection of bold and poetical fictions or deceptions invented by an ambitious priesthood to deceive and rule a superstitious people, but a chain of allegories, susceptible of explaining many religious dogmas, and perhaps the original sources of history. Bacon, in his *Wisdom of the Ancients*, anticipated this fact; and well may we consider with that great philosopher, the mysteries of antiquity, as "sacred relics or abstracted airs of better times." Under the veil of allegory, there lie concealed the remembrance of great historical events, truths profound, precepts wise, and an insight denied to the attributes of divinity. Yet we are not authorized to infer that everything in mythology covers a deep meaning or positive intentions. There are many mythological enigmas which will ever remain beyond the reach of analysis, although the day may come, when the mythologies of all nations being philosophically classified, will enable us to follow the transformations of primitive myths, through a comparative method and organic processes; a hope expressed by Mr. Renan, and which important discoveries lately made in investigating the Vedas, tend to realize fully. Nor is it unreasonable to suppose, that those investigations will result in a general system, representing the universality of the traditions of the human race; and make us to settle, among many vexed questions, one which of late has so much distracted the Hellenic followers of Otfried Müller, viz: whether at a very early period, there was not a great theological age, during which Greece came near becoming a sacerdotal country, with venerated symbols, hierarchical institutions, and a kind of monotheism borrowed from the East.

From myths to legends the transition is easy, and we are naturally led to speak of what the Germans are wont to call *Christology*. In his review of the critical histories of Christ, from Eusebius to Salvador, Mr. Renan gives a very impartial, though incomplete account of the efforts made within the present century, to apply to Biblical exegesis, the rules and principles which had been so successfully used in nearly all the branches of human science. The subject was a delicate one. In France they are not accustomed to a certain phraseology which under a very aggressive aspect oftentimes conceals notions that the most orthodox sometimes freely admit when carefully worded. "Heretical Mythology of the Old and New Testament," "Critical Investigation of the History of Christ," "Critique of the Gospels," are book-titles familiar enough in Germany; but to us, the very sound and association of such words bespeak a world of heresies, and awake instinctive feelings of reluctance, which the repeated efforts of so many of our heretical theologians never can overcome. Although Mr. Renan undoubtedly approves of the animus which dictated the works of Bauer, Vater, De Wette, or even Strauss, the reader must not think that he is at all disposed to endorse their opinions. Great as may be his respect for the erudition, originality, and boldness of the Germans, he knows how to discriminate between the schools, and to oppose with merciless logic the unsound opinions entertained by several ruling spirits beyond the Rhine. Forbach, for instance, is uncompromisingly blamed for his anti-Christian doctrines. Nor could we expect otherwise; an extreme love for aesthetics, a supreme adoration of the sublime and beautiful, viewed through plastic forms and the highest manifestations of art, may have rendered a Goethe or an Hegel inaccessible to a religious ideal so different from that of the Greeks; but the philosopher, the moralist, nay, the poet, yet finds in Judea and modern Rome, inspirations worthy of Athens. His review of Dr. Strauss, however, betrays a deep sense of the obligations which scholars owe to works prompted by conscientious motives and an invincible thirst for knowledge. He shows how unjust it is to load David Frederic Strauss with the imprecations which belong—if to any one at all—to entire generations of German theologians. His book was only a link in the chain of modern investigations. Wolfe's *Prolegomena* to Homer is the necessary antecedent to the Life of Jesus, which is a work of theology, of sacred exegesis, like those of Michaelis, Eichorn, and Paulus, written not for laymen, but theologians only.

The article on Mahomet is one of the most original. Although Islamism did not arise in an age of myths and legends, its origin is not altogether free from either. And yet, of all truly religious creations, Islamism is the last; relatively speaking it is of very modern date. There is no lack of veracious historians who witnessed its rise and conquests; its doctrine is set forth in a living language; but we all have such a natural tendency to deny anything human in the origin of religions, that there is nothing surprising in the erroneous notions, which many entertain in regard to Mahomet, the Koran and its followers. Thus, the founder of Islamism is represented as a pseudo-miracle-worker, although such never was his pretension. He claimed to be a prophet, it is true, but a prophet without miracles; he constantly repeats, "I am a man like all men, mortal like all men;" for, as Mr. Renan justly observes, this simple agency was necessarily imposed by the spirit of his nation, which, before him, was not as many are inclined to suppose, ignorant and superstitious, but a nation both refined and skeptical. The immediate biographers of the Prophet were so deeply imbued with the belief of his terrestrial nature, that they do not even attempt to conceal his defects, and relate traits which certainly pertain more to a man than a supernatural being. "There are two things in the world," he was wont to say, "which I praise above all: women and perfumes;" and contrary to his own laws, but in perfect accordance with this liking, he had either fifteen or twenty-five wives; and was so jealous of them, that a verse in the Koran forbids them from marrying after his death. He once said to a favorite one, "Alas, wouldst thou not feel happy to die before me, and with the belief that I would myself wrap thee in thy shroud, pray for thee, and lower thee in the grave with my own hands?" "The notion might please me well enough," replied Alas, "but for the belief that thou wouldst on my return from my funeral console thyself with some other woman." Withal, he was a mild, benevolent, and good man, free from hatred and pride, as a Semite, one as the poorest Arabians to be found in the desert. So far from being the bold chieftain he is so often represented—, with a scimitar in one hand and the Koran in the other, mounted on a fiery steed, and charging right and left among the unbelievers—he was a most timid and quiet reformer, usually betraying a great deal of hesitation. Omar is the warlike and impetuous adept, ever ready to wield the sword, and who after Mahomet's death, gave to Mahometism that aggressive character, which led to such wonderful conquests. Nor is Mahomet the founder of the Mohammedan, civilization, and literature of the Arabs. In fact, he may be said to be their last incarnation, and no more. It has been demonstrated beyond a doubt that

he only did follow the religious tendencies of his time; and that the worship of a supreme Allah, had always been the basis of the Arabic religion.

Mr. Renan has added to his essays, a preface which created a greater impression, perhaps, than the book itself. In clear and forcible language, this preliminary discourse sets forth some of the principles which form the basis of what is generally termed modern criticism (*La Critique Moderne*). Without claiming refutations or controversies, it gives the method followed by that array of progressive scholars, who are determined to enjoy, and permit others to enjoy, the greatest latitude in everything which pertains to the pursuit of science under all its different aspects; and who, notwithstanding a bitter opposition, have succeeded in making themselves heard and even respected by their opponents.

There is nothing polemical in their efforts; they do not strive to oppose any existing doctrine; but seem to be marching straightway in the path of investigation, without caring for the tremendous uproar which at times impedes their labors without lessening their exertions. In less than a quarter of a century, they have remodelled the old sciences, created new ones, and brought to bear upon them all, a critical method which thus far has proved too successful ever to be abandoned or displaced.

Mr. Renan, in a task which embraces the most important problems, could not eschew questions relating to the origin and sources of religion. "I was drawn towards them by an invincible attraction," says he, "for religion is certainly the highest of human nature's manifestations; and that which among all poetry approaches nearest the essential aim of art, in elevating man above common life, and awakening the consciousness of his celestial origin." Disclaiming all intentions of lessening our religious tendencies, he sincerely wishes "to elevate and purify them," believing that the result springing from an independent study of religion, is "to soothe the soul and promote a blessed life." Religion being an integral part of human nature, is true in its essence, and beyond the particular forms of worship, is necessarily impressed with the defects pertaining to their times and countries. Religion itself exists; which fact is an evident sign in man of a higher destiny. True it is that he denies in the most emphatic terms the existence of miracles and of supernatural agencies, on the plea that everything in history can find a rational explanation, but he insists upon convincing theologians that his writings are mere scientific researches, in which he endeavors to apply to the Jewish and Christian religions, the principles of criticism followed in the other branches of philology and history. And here, perhaps, we may be permitted to add, so as to have no ambiguity in regard to Mr. Renan's position, that he does not understand by the word "supernatural," the idealistic and moral element of life, in opposition to the material and positive element,—a construction placed upon it by many—but a particular act of divinity, inserting itself in the series of physical and psychological events in the world, and thus disturbing the course of facts, in view of a particular generation of humanity.

As to discussing purely theological questions, he does not think himself any more obliged to do it, than Burnouf, Cuvier, Ouglebert, and a host of critical historians, thought themselves bound to undertake the apology or refutation of the different religions which formed the subject of their works.

Withal he submits with evident sorrow to the condition "of being thrust out of the great religious family, in which may be found some of the best-hearted people in the world; and of knowing that those with whom he would wish so much to live in moral communion, necessarily deem him a perverse being." He is also aware of the opinion entertained by religious persons, who sincerely believe that beyond the pale of their own creed, there exist only heresies and subversive notions; that the critic can be nothing else than a pantheist or an atheist; and that although elevated to purely philosophical or historical enquiries, the results of which are invariably set forth with mathematical lucidity, he never escapes being denounced with the most unheeded of opinions. This Strauss is a madman, who denied the existence of Christ; Wolf, a crack-brained individual, who believed that such a being as Homer ever existed; Hegel, an extravagant metaphysician, who taught that the yes and may are of equal value. And yet, as Mr. Renan says, Strauss, so far from denying the existence of Christ, affirms it in every page of his book; Wolf never did more than deny the artificial composition of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; and Hegel only attempted in his boldest formulas, to point out the relative and partial character of all our affirmations.

The first series of studies on religious history, is far more interesting than the volume of moral and critical essays. The latter is devoted chiefly to contemporaneous celebrities, and evinces a great deal of consideration for the constituted authorities in the land. Take Mr. de Lacy, for instance.

Not long since, the literary of Paris, or rather a certain coterie of literary gentlemen, who claim to possess the monopoly of literary fame and reward, wished to elect a well-known newspaper-editor to the French Academy. But he had never written a book; perhaps he could not write one, were he to try; and yet a book, thick or thin, with or without originality, was absolutely necessary. After some painful perplexity, his friends pitched upon the approved plan of collecting a goodly number of his editorials, and gave to the world two volumes of newspaper articles, in which, among other anomalies, Mr. Jules Janin is placed side by side with Marcus Tullius Cicero. A review of that work, and a laudatory sketch of its distinguished author, Mr. de Lacy, form the first chapter of the essays. It is followed by another shower of encomiums on Mr. Cousin's *Fragmentes and Recollections*, which, we are informed, "are held together by a lively and brilliant enthusiasm; that taste for the beautiful in all things, which none perhaps, since the days of Greece, possessed in such a high degree, and that divine privilege of genius which changes all it touches into gold; etc." We doubt whether posterity will endorse the excessive praises at one time heaped upon those two rhetoricians, whose merits after all lie as much in grammatical euphony as in thought or originality. When a sentence is so framed as to express the idea with perfect clearness, its function is accomplished; and the writer need not exert himself to make it look pretty and sound

